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HEART AND MOUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH WALDTAU.

BY MRS. A. E. HOOSEMEY.

"There are in life many deadly foes, Its cartelest whether they are at least fair friends."

Heart and Mouth! Are they at variance,
With antagonistic creed?
They whom Nature's hand united?
Sure, 'tis very strange indeed.

Heart. The *Mouth* speaks, "I adore you—
Will believed you till I die?"
But a dark reverse clouds o'er you,
Chilling clouds involve your sky—

Mouth, with fluid brilliance, greets you,
Mirthful, free and frosty eye;
Does not know you when it meets you,
Or undoubtedly passes by.

Lid again. The *Mouth* pronounceth
Words of loyalty sublime;
But the hidden *Heart* doubteth,
Unwilling, to hide its time.

Like the lilies chameleon changing
With the sunbeam and the dew,
While its patient lover blanches
From each circumstance he has.

Let the statement's *Mouth* hath uttered
Lofty words of glorious thought,
But his wavering *Heart* doth lead him
Far from what his precepts taught!

Truth divorce him o'ith he admits
The white blotted of his fame,
And his hand in secret hasteth
Spoils that plunge him not in shame.

Heart and Mouth! Restore the union
That creates wisdom secret,
Dwelling in unblamed connection
Till our term of time is spent.

Hartford, Conn., August 26, 1861.

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFLICTS.

It was a spot where I had played in childhood. Had I thought of this before, I might have chosen some other locality. The rising sun was just darting its golden beams into the wide, and the yellow buttercups and the sweet violets were reflecting back the glad rays from their coverts of dewy diamonds. But the birds, as though they had a sense of what was going on, were not so cheerful. Their notes, which had alacritous been blithe and joyous, were changed to screeches of alarm as we approached, and they flew away from us as if we had been spirits of evil. I saw the spot where I had sat many an hour, beneath the shade of an old elm, and I saw the little brook where, in the happier days, I had built a tiny dam, and rigged a water-wheel. My father and my mother were living then. I stopped, and bowed my head upon my hands. It was not with fear, but a momentary whirlwind of these old recollections. Finally the emotion was passed, and I struggled from the tender mood into a fit of stern calmness which was as foreign to my nature as this present work was foreign to my wishes. I looked upon my companion, and saw that he had become calm and composed. He understood the meaning of my glance, for he quickly said:

"You need not fear for me, Maurice. While we are in the presence of these foes, I will be as firm as iron."

I thanked him, and we then hurried on. I bade Mr. Stewart good morning, but Hector Vandorf did not invite me, so I did not speak with him. But I saw his face, and its expression startled me. It was the look of a demon. The thin lips were compressed, and through the skin as white as marble, here where the subdrapeia appeared, and the great, sloped black eyes glistening like orbs of ice. I think it was the most deadly look I ever saw. Dick noticed it, and called my attention to it.

"Do you mark his face?" he whispered. "Do you see how his hands are clutched? Upon my soul, Maurice, he means mischief."

"I know him," I replied. "Go now and arrange with Stewart."

"But who is this?"

It was another man, with a box under his arm, approaching from the river.

"It is the surgeon," remarked Stewart. "I thought it best to have one. Vandorf is a sure shot, and I suppose you are good, so there'll be likely to be a wound somewhere."

I nodded, and was then introduced to Doctor Maurice. I did not like the surgeon's looks, and so made no conversation with him, further than to assent to his proposition that it was a very fine morning.

Presently Dick returned, and told me of the arrangements which had been proposed.

"We are to use both for the choice of positions," he said.

I assented to that.

"The distance is to be twelve paces."

To that I had no objection.

"You are to both fire together at the word *three*."

I liked that, too.

"We have examined the pistols, and as there is no material difference in them, we have decided that each may use his own weapon if he likes."

It was all satisfactory, and I only wished that the thing might be concluded as soon as possible.

The choice of position fell to me, and I took my stand with my back to the sun. The distance was measured off, and the pistols placed in our hands. I think I was never more cool and collected in my life, but not so with my antagonist. He was not frightened, but he was eager—eager for my life—so eager that I saw his hand tremble. I do not think that he held a thought of my bullet, or that he thought of

AN UNKNOWN AND MYSTERIOUS PURSUER.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

his own life, whether he lost it or not. As I caught him at the first word that fell from me given, he seemed like a maniac, thirsting for blood. And yet I had no fear. I was only excited he was, and I did not believe he could hit me.

According to agreement, our weapons hung by our sides. At the word *one* we raised them. At the word *two* we took aim. At the word *three* Hector fired, and his ball flew wide of its mark, for I did not hear its whistle.

"You did not fire, Captain," cried Stewart, starting towards me.

"It will save you the trouble of loading my pistol," I replied.

"But," he said, with some uneasiness, "this will be hardly fair. It will not do, sure, well, Mr. Vandorf does not wish to murder you; he only wants satisfaction."

I replied to him that I had given Hector Vandorf the privilege he sought. I had no explanations to make. Was another shot demanded?

He said it was.

I told them to arrange it, then.

After Vandorf's pistol had been reloaded, Dick came to me and asked me what I meant.

"I do not mean to harm that man if I can help it," I replied.

Dick looked at me wonderingly.

"Dick," I added, "I should think you might understand me. For accepting Hector Vandorf's challenge I have no excuse to offer. The world may judge me as it sees fit. But you should understand why I spare him. Should I shoot him, my last hope of love and joy would die out forever. Should he fall by my hand, could I ever offer that hand to Edith Dunbar?"

Dick replied that he understood me, but he was anxious to know how many times I meant to let Vandorf fire at me.

"Leave that to me," I told him.

He seemed to see that I felt confident, and he went back to arrange for the next fire. In a few moments all was ready, and we were facing each other again. At the word *three* Vandorf fired as before. I fired, but straight up into the air. Stewart saw what I had done, and approached me with a face seeking to avoid the contest.

"Does Hector Vandorf seek further satisfaction?" I asked.

"Aye," cried Vandorf himself, stamping with passion. He spoke to me, and looked me in the eye. "This is no boy's play. You are not to escape me so easy." And then he swore by his oath that he would fire until one of us fell.

I closed my hands by my side, and bade Dick reload my pistol. I told him to load it carefully, to see that the cap was perfect, and pointed exactly down.

Dear reader, you who have used the pistol or the rifle, did you never, when taking your weapon for a shot, feel such a conviction of your power over the instruments as to make you mentally sure of your mark? You have taken up your piece with an absolute assurance that the ball should do your bidding. So I felt when I took my pistol for that third shot. Dick saw my expression upon my face, and he asked me if I meant to kill my antagonist.

"No," said I, "not if I can help it. But I mean to hit him, and put a stop to this scene."

When I looked upon Vandorf, I saw that he was more excited than before. He was not himself. His passion had made him mad. He quivered with excitement, and his right hand clinched furiously. I have often wondered since how I was so calm at this moment, and I have thought that the shock which my heart had received in its great agony had something to do with it.

At the word *one* I fixed my eye upon Vandorf's right hand, where it curled up under the butt of his pistol. The mark was good enough for me, and when I heard the word *two* I fired. My adversary's ball passed through my pantaloons, just grazing the skin upon the inner part of my left knee as it went. At the same instant I heard a cry of pain, and saw Hector's pistol drop to the ground. I only feared that some chance splinter from the stock of his weapon, or a glancing of the ball, might have given him other injury, but it was not so. His hand alone had been pierced.

I asked Stewart if that would do.

He told me to do as I pleased, and I thought he spoke as though he was sorry that I had not got up more of the expended bullets. Mr. Vandorf cannot hold a pistol now, so of course he cannot fire again. I trust, my dear Captain, that you have no fault to find with the way in which the affair has been conducted on my part."

I assured him that he had given me no cause for complaint; and then I turned towards the wounded man. I did not expect that he would wish to give me his hand, but I thought it hardly honorable to turn away without giving him the opportunity. He saw me coming, and believed me forward. The doctor was just binding up his hand.

"Maurice Garland," he said—and his tone was not furiously together as he spoke, "you have escaped for this time; but I'll have you yet!" And then he swore by another oath that there was not room enough for him and me on the same earth!

I did not pay much attention to his words at the time, for I thought them only the ravings of a madman. Ay, and so they were; but I did not learn from them that Hector was a mad one, fixed and dreadful was his madness. I turned from him, and when Dick had put up my pistol, we started away together. When we reached the river path I told my companion to forget the events of the last hour, and look to the brighter things.

"It is past," I said, "and we may as well forget it as not. I know you forgive me for the pain I have occasioned you."

He assured me that he did; and from that time we talked of other matters.

We reached the hotel in time for breakfast, and to my great surprise, my father arrived. He—New York, where we spent the day and night. On the following morning we returned to our stopping-place up the Hudson, where we found John Head waiting for us.

It did me good to see that honest face, and to hear the hearty tones in which he greeted me. John was younger than I—a few years—but circumstances, which I need not mention here, had made him like a brother to me. I had known his old father and mother—dear and sacred to me through a long and weary sickness, in their own humble home, where the towering peaks of old Mote and Chocorua look down like guardian sentinels upon their roof-tree. God bless them!

John was rather slight of frame, and at first glance he might have taken for a man of delicate; but no beside the unsuspecting individual who tempted his muscle. He had shoulders broad enough for a man weighing one-third more than he did; and, moreover, he was quick as thought, and his cords were strong like wires of steel. A veritable companion was John Head, upon the stream or in the forest. And how glad my heart was when he knew that he was going with me!

In a few days our arrangements were all completed, nothing remained for me now but to get away from the Atlantic board as soon as possible. Let the reader not imagine that we were to go in search of the white buffalo, or the panty. By no means. Three more of our friends—they were friends of my friends, and so, of course, friends to me—had gone by the way of the Lakes to St. Anthony, and were to join us at St. Louis. On Monday morning Dick and John took the boat for New York, and I proceeded to meet them on the following day.

And now I was to see Edith once more. That not seen her since my meeting with Vandorf; but I could not go away without the interview. I called upon her in the evening, and she received me so tenderly and kindly as ever. She had heard of the duel, and she knew the provocation which had been given me. She knew that Hector had threatened, if I did not meet him, to offend and insult me in the public street. How she had heard this she did not tell me, nor did I ask her. And she had heard more, for she said she had upon my arm, and told me that I had feared Hector would kill me.

"Did you think he meant to kill me?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I heard him say enough to assure me of that. But you spared him. Is it not so?"

"It is, Edit. His life was in my hands from the first. I could have shot him at will; but I would not. Had I killed him, of course I could never have seen you again. When I found that he was determined to continue the conflict until blood was shed, I resolved to disable him, without doing him a fatal injury. Has he been here since?"

"Yes, he has been here twice."

"Then the wound was not a bad one?"

"Only so far as it disables his right hand. It pains him, and he curses it in a fling. But, Maurice, he is fearfully vengeful towards you. O, I am glad you are going away. He may get over it before you come here again."

"Then you think he still hunts my life?"

"Yes, I know he does. And, Maurice, I think more than that." She looked up into my face, and shuddered, as she added: "I think he is insane—I think he is mad. If he has conceived a deadly hatred towards you, it has become a sort of monomania with him. O, I am glad you are going away!"

I had not regarded Hector Vandorf's madness exactly in this light before; but now that Edith had called my attention in that direction, I remembered some things which had a bearing that way. I remembered that the elder Vandorf—Hector's father—had been a peculiar man, and that in our time he was prevented from closing business for nearly two years—that his partner had cheated him—that he destroyed his own property—and that he was sent away to travel for his health. I asked Edith if she did not remember it.

"Yes, she remembered it very well; for her father had spoken of it at the time.

"Then," said I, "there may be some hereditary disease in Hector's veins."

"I don't know, I'm sure. Edith's reply.

"And must you marry with such a man?"

She reached both her hands upon my shoulders, and gazed up into my face with a look that went down into the soul. It was full of agony, and full of love, full of eager earnestly, and yet born the shadow of a broken, bleeding heart.

"Maurice," she said, scarcely above a whisper, "I shall never marry with that man! To my God-indeed I shall carry the only love my heart ever felt; and my dying breath shall bear your name in prayer to heaven!"

She rested her head upon my bosom, and burst into tears; and once more I clasped my arms about the beloved form. How long we remained I do not know. I only know that the agony of my dual father. Bear with me, Maurice, and I will speak. I am glad you are going away; and I hope you will enjoy yourself. You will write to your heart to the separation, and by and by the old spirit of buoyant life will come back again."

I shook my head sadly.

"Don't feel so," she continued. "I shall be more unhappy if I know that you are enjoying yourself. You will write to my mother, and let us know how you are prospering."

"I shall not write to you?"

"No," she replied, frankly, "you had better not. Hector might find it out."

"And would no harm you in consequence?"

"Ah, Maurice, it is not for myself that I fear. Hector Vandorf already believes that you abuse sound in his way to my hand. I wish, if possible, to remove your image from his mind. Do you not understand me?"

Yes, I did understand her; and I saw how reasonable was her precaution; and I promised, furthermore, that I would be governed by her directions.

At length I arose to take my leave. We stood together in the hall—stood for some minutes—holding each other by the hand. When could I see? My heart was full, but my tongue was powerless. Edith, however, was more calm and self-possessed. She spoke, in a low, soft, low, whisper, from the depths of her pure soul:

"Good-bye, Maurice. God bless you! good angels watch over and guard you! So—good-bye!"

I stood alone upon the river's bank, crushed almost to earth by the great agony; but finally I struggled up from the dark pit, and turned my gaze towards the stars. It was a night of severe conflict between Hope and Despair; but the better spirit conquered. I may not tell the story of my soul's struggle on that night. I could not if I would. I can only say that I came forth calm and resigned, with a firm, shadowy hope in the future. I was young; when might not the coming years have in store for me? I resolved to shout making the most of every hour, and turn the cup of the unborn time—earnestly praying to God that it might be returned to me in fruition.

CHAPTER V.

ON THE TRAIL.

It was quite a journey to St. Louis, the way we were then forced to travel, and we were over two weeks in reaching that point; but we reached the Missouri City, the metropolis of the "Far West," without accident of any kind, and took up our lodgings in the most comfortable hotel we could find. There was no lack of comfortable hotels, four reader, in St. Louis; but there was lack of spare room; for the city was full of strangers—strangers from the East and West, and North and South; and, I verily think, strangers from all quarters of the globe. But we succeeded in finding good accommodations at one of the best houses; and then, while Dick went to look after our friends, who were to arrive from St Anthony, John and I went out to look about making the necessary preparations for our tramp over the prairies and through the mountains.

In the afternoon Dick returned, bringing with him Captain Dunbar and Sam. We had expected three; but the third had been detained at St. Anthony by business which would keep him all summer. But the two who had come were a host in their way. In bulk of frame they were as sway; though their powers of endurance were yet to be tested. Frank Dunbar had been introduced to me some years before by my friend, the colonel. He was an old ranger; and the first time I ever saw him he was upon the back, with his rebel of a horse in his hands at a gallop, sable-bearded fellow was old Pete. Through sunshine and through storm; in pleasure and sorrow, and trials; in misery or in danger, he was always the same. His broad, red face shone with the spirit of honest goodnesses, and a simple look into his frank, genial countenance assured you that he was a friend to be trusted. Peter had seen some forty years of life, and weighed over two hundred pounds.

HARRIETT EASTWOOD was the other. He was different man from Peter, and yet he was much like him. He was darker of complexion; more slow and moderate in his movements; was fond to sit down and talk politics. He was plebeian, however, and could just what suit, his or mine; and was not easily moved from the even tenor of his way. He, too, pulled up the beam at over two hundred, and was as strong as a moose. A young, devoted bride of Hibernia, Missouri, and a valuable member of say society. He had held office under governments; had been in the business with the most extensive manufacturing establishment, which he and John Head had ever been connected with.

But our party was not yet complete. We missed a guide, who could take us to the best hunting grounds; and a sort of man Friday, who could cook for us, and make himself generally useful. For the guide, I had my eye upon a man in the town, who was known on the very day of our arrival; and I started forth in quest of him. I knew his abode, and took a hack to help me in my search. I found him in a dilapidated building, devoted half to a saloon and half to a dwelling. His name was Paul Redwing. Just fancy to yourself a tall, straight man, with a face as handsome in height, weighing close upon two hundred pounds, and you will have a perfect picture of redundant fat upon him, and you may have some conception of the man I was looking for. For breadth of shoulders, and weight of limb, I never saw his match. His hair was black as night, and his complexion upon his body there was one for a muscle; and he was as quick and sure in his movements as a panther. His head and beard had once been of a dark brown; but exposure to cold and heat, storm and in storm and sunshine, had bleached them to a dingy, mouse hue, and had also turned his skin to the color of a withered leaf. His eye was grey, and as wild and keen as a clairvoyant of the first water; and his nerves were as steady as an iron bar. His reputation as a trapper and a guide, and as a stout, cool, brave man, was well known in St. Louis, and I felt sure I could secure his services we should be most fortunate.

I found the man at his home where he had been playing, and came forward to meet me.

"Eh, Capt'n—this yar's kind o' good now, to see you here. What'll ye take?"

"Nothing, Paul. I've come on business. What have you to say to me?"

"Wal," he replied, withdrawing his eyes from the bar, where they had been fixed with a kind of longing look, "just at this particle'r time I ain up to much of anything. I've just come in from a trail. I've been to carry a party over the Ozarks, on their way to the Cherokee forts. And, Cap'n, we had sport."

"Buffaloes?" queried I.

"Buffaloes?" he repeated, as though the thought weren't worth considering. "No, sir. We had a pop at the red varmints—at the redskins. Close upon the North fork of the White

River we fell in with a party of them 'tarnal Osages, an' we had a brush. I think you seed me once, in Texas, among the Injuns."

I remembered the scene to which he alluded.

"Wal," he resumed, "that wa'n't a primin' to this yer touch. I took down ten of the red rascals in jes' about ten minits; an' I only shot two of 'em at that. But, Capt'n, won't ye drink?"

I assured him that I was not dry.

"Wal, I am. Hold on a minit, an' I'll be with ye."

He went to the bar, and drank a tumbler of raw whiskey, and then went with me out of doors, where I soon made him acquainted with my wishes. He was with me in a moment. Nothing could suit him better. Just exactly the kind of thing he had been hoping would turn up.

I then told him that we wanted a cook. Perhaps he knew of one.

"Jest the boy," he cried. "He's a nigger; but he's a good one. I sort o' half own him. I found him on the prairie, with a redskin's arrow in his back. His master had been killed, an' he were left to die. I took him up, and nussed him; an' he's been as faithful as a dog to me ever since. He's a good cook, an' a pooty 'cute kind of a crittur everyway. I call him Samp. I'll fetch him up this evenin'."

I went back to my hotel, and, according to promise, Paul made his appearance about eight o'clock, with his "boy." This boy was somewhere in the neighborhood of forty years old; stout and strong; black as the darkest night; but with a face of more than ordinary intelligence. There could be no mistake but that he would suit us.

As for Paul Redwing, my companions fairly fell in love with him. His immense physical strength was something to be wondered at and respected; and then his brusque good humor, his generous, frank speech, and his quiet, respectful manner of treating the observations of others, opened his way to the heart in a very short time. Before we separated that night, our plans had all been laid, and it only remained for us to purchase our equipments, which we resolved to do as soon as possible.

"Ther's one thing of course ye understand," remarked Paul, casting his eyes towards my companions. "Whar ther's buffaloes, ther's very like to be Injuns. The varmints hunt a good deal this season. They may be rantankerous, an' then agin they may not be. Ther's no tellin' till we meet 'em. The Capt'n, here—he's acquainted with 'em; but p'raps you never chanced to fall in with 'em when they was ugly."

"I've seen a good many of the Winnebagoes," remarked Haskett.

"Yes," added Peter. "We've met 'em very often up in Minnesota."

"Why, Lord bless yer souls, them Winnebagoes aint nothin'," returned Paul, with strong emphasis. "They aint no more'n so many wild hogs. Ef ye want to see reg'lar red varmints, ye must run afoul of the Arkansaw redskins, when they're maraudin'—I mean them as hunts all the way up and down the Arkansaw River. But never mind; we'll see some of 'em afore we get back."

"I don't have any particular desire to meet these Indians," said Peter; "but," he added, with a nod of the head which plainly told that he spoke the truth, "I sha'n't allow the fear of anything to deprive me of the sport of hunting buffaloes."

"That's the talk," returned Paul, appreciatingly. "Injuns aint nothin' to be afeared of if ye only keep yer eyes open. They aint human—the redskins aint. I call 'em a kind of cross atween the orang-outang and the painter, with a little of the wolf mixed in. I think it does 'em good to shoot 'em."

"It does me good, any how," ventured Samp, who sat away in one corner. "Blast 'um, I lub to shoot um!"

"Thar, now—thar's somethin' human for you," cried Paul, with a glance of real affection towards his boy. "It's kind o' cur'us that a black skin should be human, when a redskin aint; but it's so. I've had the experience, an' I know."

As the old trapper delivered himself of this bit of philosophy, he cast his eyes towards a black bottle which stood upon the table, with a glass by the side of it.

"Excuse me, gentlemen; but what's that yer?"

"That's brandy," replied Peter.

"You drink brandy?"

"Sometimes," said Peter, modestly.

Paul looked up into Peter's broad red face, and his grey eye twinkled. He shook his head, and repeated, in a sort of self-communing whisper—"*Sometimes.*" Then he reached over and took the bottle and the tumbler, and partook. He smacked his lips approvingly, and passed the bottle to Peter, saying again—"*Sometimes.*" Peter smiled very benignantly, and then drank of the beverage.

After this we talked over old scenes awhile, and then Paul and Samp withdrew, the former promising to be on hand early in the morning.

During the following day Paul and I made many purchases of articles which we needed; and so we kept at it until we were fully supplied. We had bought a good substantial wagon, with a thick canvas cover, and four stout mules to draw it; and as Samp was to drive the team, we let him have a voice in the choice of the animals. We also procured a good tent, with stakes and guys; camp-stools, and a table; cooking utensils and dishes; with plenty of provisions and ammunition. Of arms we had a plenty, and of various descriptions. Our horses we procured of a company that had just come in from the prairies, and they were good ones—all we could have asked for.

We had been in St. Louis twelve days. It was a bright Monday morning when we set forth, Paul and I on the lead; Dick and John next; Peter and Haskett following; while Samp brought up the rear with the team. Our course was to the southward and westward, and the fourth day carried us beyond the bounds of civilization. There were hamlets and settlements after that; but they hardly came up to the standard of a civilized community. On the afternoon of the fifth day we struck a broad prairie, and as we were riding over it, I fell back to speak with Samp. I asked after his mules; praised the manner in which he kept them; complimented him upon his driving; and was upon the point of rejoining my companions, when he called me back.

"Look yere, Mas'r Garland," he said, "I'se been a watchin' sumf'n dat's cumtracted my attenshun. 'Pears to me dar's sumf'n a follerin' us."

"What is it?" I asked, riding up by the side of his seat.

"Seems to me it's a man. I don't know whudder it's a redskin, or a human, as Mas'r Paul calls 'em; but I'm stock sure sartin dat it's somebody a hossback."

"Where is he?"

"When I seed him last he was right in our wake; but I haint seed noff'n of 'im for some time now.—No," he added, after standing up and looking through the back of his wagon for awhile, "I don't see 'im now."

It was a little curious, as the darkey said; but I attached no importance to the affair, and soon rode on in advance again.

Before sundown we left the prairie, and struck into a belt of timber; and as I rode near to the wagon Samp hailed me, and told me that he had seen the man again.

"What did he look like?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied the darkey, shaking his head; "but I kind o' s'pected whudder it mightn't be some miser'ble feller dat meant to hang 'round, an' try to steal sumf'n out ob de camp when we was all asleep."

"But we don't all sleep at once," I suggested.

"Ha—yah, yah,—I don't know 'bout dat, mas'r." And the darkey shook his head, and showed his ivories.

I asked him what he meant.

"O—dis chile knows what he sees; but he don't say noff'n. I was up las' night to look arter the mules. Dis berry chile was up."

"Well—and you found a man on the watch?"

"Preshus kind ob a watch he was keep'n;—yah, yah. But dis chile don't say noff'n. Don't go for to tellin' dat I said anyt'ing, bekase I didn't."

I did not press the darkey any further, for his meaning flashed upon me. I remembered of hearing the mules kicking during the night, and I knew it was then Peter's watch. I made up my mind that I would just whisper into Peter's ear—just a word—of the importance of keeping a watch at night; and at the same time suggest to him the propriety of not watering his brandy quite so freely.

"Look yere, Mas'r Capt'n,—mind now,—I haint said noff'n—I haint."

I told Samp that it was all right.

"I'll look out," I added, "that no thieves make their way into our camp." And with this I rode on.

In half an hour we came to the bank of a bright stream, and having forded it, we pitched our tent for the night, and picketed the animals. During the afternoon Paul had shot four good-sized curlews, and these Samp dressed and cooked for our supper. They were not much in bulk, but they afforded a nice "taste," and helped the meal along amazingly. We spent the evening in telling stories, and at an early hour prepared for sleep, for we were somewhat fatigued with the day's journey. Paul and I went out and examined the trail-ropes of the horses and mules, and when we had seen all safe in that direction, we crept into our blankets, leaving Eastwood on the watch.

I went to sleep but I did not sleep soundly, I was troubled with bad dreams; and once I started up with a cold sweat upon my brow and cheeks. The movement aroused Paul, who slept by my side, and he wanted to know what was the matter. I told him I had had a night-mare.

"Take a pull at my old horn," he said. "That'll make ye sleep. Whiskey's better'n brandy for the stummick."

I thanked him for his kind suggestion, but declined the "horn." I didn't think it would help me any. We had lain down, and Paul was already snoring, when some one looked into the tent, and pronounced my name. It was Peter who spoke, and I was soon with him. It was an hour past midnight, and the stars were shining brightly.

"What is to pay?" I asked, as I noticed Peter casting his eyes off into the wood.

"There's somebody lurking around the camp," he replied. "About half an hour ago the horses became restive, and a little while afterwards I heard a footfall not a great way off. I listened, and watched, and finally saw something moving, off in this direction—just by the bank of the stream. I think it was a man. Just before I called you I heard him again, and saw him plain enough. It is a man, I am sure."

I remembered the discovery which Samp had made, and of course I connected the two circumstances together. Just at this point Paul came out, and when he had heard the report, he got his rifle, and proposed to make a search.

"It may be a redskin," he said. "If 'tis we'll have him."

"He may be for firing at us if we leave the camp," suggested Peter.

"O, bless yer soul, 'taint no fightin' Injun 'at comes in that shape," replied the trapper. "If 'tis one o' them yer varmints, it's a skulkin' hoss-thief."

By this time Dick and Haskett had come out, and Samp had joined us from his perch on the wagon. We made considerable search, but without avail. We could see nothing of the intruder, nor could we hear anything.

We finally returned to the tent, and lay down again; but I slept no more that night. The old incubus seemed to haunt me, and the cold sweat came again, and again, upon my brow. What was it?

CHAPTER VI.

ENEMIES.

With the bright morning my spirits returned, though many times during the day did I find myself shuddering with the recollections of the dreams of the night. But I was careful not to let my companions see how I was moved; for I could have explained nothing, and might have been laughed at.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of our hunting adventures and exploits; for they would not only fill a large volume, but they were simply like those of all other hunters in that region, whose accounts have oftentimes been printed. But there were adventures peculiar to our party, and some confined to my individual self; which I shall give in the course of my narrative.

For three days more we kept on our course, crossing the Yungar River not far from the Osage, and leaving the Ozarks behind us. On the second day Samp saw the solitary horseman again, and at length I got a peep at him. We had just emerged from a belt of timber upon a prairie, and I saw the man about a mile away, in the wood, upon the track over which we had come. I doubted Samp's assertion no more, for I saw the figure plainly, and knew it to be a man on horseback. Paul and Dick were with me, and they, too, saw it. The old trapper shook his head, being wholly unable to account for it. It might be, he thought, some poor fellow that was forced to travel alone through the wilderness, and hung upon our rear for protection in case of danger. He didn't think it was a red-skin, and it didn't act like a horse-thief. The strange man, however, quickly disappeared, and was seen no more during the day.

We had passed the confines of Missouri, and were camped upon the bank of the Neosho, one of the larger tributaries of the Arkansas. We sat around the camp-fire until after ten o'clock, listening to an exciting story from Paul, and then my companions crawled into their blankets beneath the tent, while I took my rifle and mounted guard, which duty I was to perform until midnight. The moon was four days old, and shone quite brightly, gleaming upon the rippling waves of the river, and casting heavy shadows from the great trees. I was standing close by the water, leaning upon my rifle, and thinking of the past—thinking of boyhood, and of Edith Duncan, when I thought I heard something plash in the stream above me. I started, and looked up, and plainly saw some dark object glide away among the trees a few rods distant, and at the same time I noticed that the horses were becoming restive. It might be some animal that had come to the river to drink, and, seeing me, had fled back into the wood. Most likely it was a panther, for certainly it was an object of goodly size. If it should chance to be a panther, there was need of some decisive movement, or we might lose some of our animals.

I listened, but could hear nothing beyond the snuffing of the horses. I brought my rifle to a rest, and cocked it, and then crept up towards the spot where I had seen the object disappear. I had gained half the distance when I was startled by a sharp *click*, which sounded very near to me. It might have been the sudden snapping of a dry stick, but it did not sound like that. I stopped, and peered eagerly out into the wood. I was watching thus, when a quick blaze lighted up the gloom that hung beneath an old cotton-wood—a loud report came crashing upon my ear, and bullet went whistling by, within a foot of my head! My first impulse was to spring forward towards the point whence the report had come. I did so, and was in time to hear something swiftly retreating in the distance. I did not follow in pursuit, for I knew not what might be the danger at the camp in the meantime. As I turned back I met Paul, with his rifle in his hand, and close behind him came Dick and Eastwood. I told them just what had happened, and the trapper shook his head dubiously.

"It may be a redskin, but it don't act like one," he said. "It might be a horse-thief, but them kind o' calamity don't make such free use o' powder on the start."

"Mayn't it be some kind of a robber?" suggested Peter, who had come up in season to hear my story.

"I don't know," replied Paul, desperately. "It sticks me,—I'm blamed ef it don't! I can't see into it. But let's have a look around the camp. This may be only a trap. This chap may have companions; an' he hopes we'll foller him, while the others help theirselves to our fixin's."

We spent half an hour in searching; but nothing new came to light. Old Paul cared little for the danger. That was a part of his life. But he didn't like the idea of being "stuck." It was Peter's watch from twelve till two; but the trapper was resolved to keep it himself; and he did so;—and he also kept the guard till daylight; but he was not disturbed. In the morning we found the tracks of a man upon the river's bank, where I had first seen the dark object moving away; and Paul at once knew them to be the prints of a white foot.

"It wer a white man made that yer track," he said; "and I don't believe it wer a prairie ranger either. Them aint the kind o' boots sich calamity wears. Blame me ef it don't stick me—it do, sartin. Ef he comes agin, I hope I may be the one to see him. Ef he gits away from Paul Redwing, he's a cute one—that's all."

At that moment, could I have followed the impulse that came upon me, I should have turned back towards the bounds of civilization. But I would not allow the phantasy to move me. With a desperate effort I threw it off, and struck into a merry song; and by the time breakfast had been eaten, and our tent struck and packed for the start, I was myself again; and none had seen the shadow which had been casting its gloom around me. Perhaps Richard Thorn noticed it; but if he did, he gave me no indications that way.

The next evening we pitched our tent upon the bank of another stream,—I think it was the Verdigris, which empties into the Arkansas a short distance above the Neosho. It was about five o'clock when we struck the stream, and as the place offered a pleasant scene for our camp, we stopped. We had plenty of fresh game on hand, so that Samp had opportunity to display his culinary science; and he did it to perfection. After we had arranged our tent, and picketed the animals, Dick proposed a game of quoits; and we had just driven the stakes for this purpose, when Paul gave a low growl, very much after the fashion of a startled bull-dog. I looked around, and saw a party of six Indians approaching the camp. They were stout, raw-boned fellows, not more than half covered with clothing, and filthy as hogs. Yet they were well armed, with rifles and knives, and had some game with them.

"Look at 'em," said the trapper, clutching his rifle with a vindictive gripe. "Jes' look. D'ye call them yer critters human? Blame me ef thar's the fust thing human about 'em. Jes' look at 'em.—Ugh!"

I declare I was almost of Paul's opinion; for the very look of them was simply disgusting. A description of their filthiness would be sickening, and I shall not attempt it.

Peter asked if they were Osages.

"Yes," said Paul. "We're in the Osage country; an' them's some of the kind o' calamity that inhabits here. Come—they want to palarver. Let's go an' see what they want."

The party had stopped at a little distance off, and one of their number was approaching us, making a peculiar motion with his hands, and carrying his rifle with the butt towards us, all of which Paul explained to us meant that they were on a peaceful mission.

"Now I tell ye candid," said the old trapper, as we started towards the tent, "ef I follered out my nateral desire, I should shoot them varmint jes' whar they stand; but it mightn't be so safe in the end. It might bring a whole army of 'em down on us, an' keep us in a state o' worriment. Ef they'll let us alone, we will them."

Of course this was our idea, and we adopted it as altogether the best plan. We met the Indian close by the tent, and Paul assumed the office of spokesman.

"We are friends," said the Osage, bobbing his head, as though in token of submission.

"Where's the rest of yer party?" asked Paul.

"There," replied the Indian, pointing to his five companions.

"But I mean the rest of 'em," added Paul.

"Ugh—that's all," said the fellow, shaking his head. "We all alone—rest away off beyond the big river."

He meant the Arkansas. Some of his words he spoke in very good English; but much of his speech was in a jargon which I could not understand. Paul understood him, however, and questioned him thoroughly; and his story was as follows:—

He said that he and his companions had left their people on the Sha-wa-cos-kah, over a hundred miles off; and had wandered thus far alone, but were now on their way back. They had seen us as we approached the stream, and hoped that they might buy some rum and tobacco of us; and, if possible, some powder and bullets.

Paul told him we might spare a little tobacco, but no rum or ammunition. He seemed grateful for even this; and then obtained permission for his companions to approach. They came up—as foul and filthy a set as it is possible to conceive of—and we gave them some tobacco, and also a little bread and bacon; but we did not allow them to enter the tent, nor to go near the wagon. They sat down a little way from Samp's fire, and smoked their pipes, and then got up to leave. Paul asked them how far they thought of going that night.

There was a moon, they said, and they should keep on till they got tired. We watched them until they were out of sight; and then Paul drew forth his heavy bowie-knife—a regular "Arkansas Toothpick"—and ran his thumb along its edge.

"Boys," he said, sliding the knife back into its sheath, and glancing around upon us, "I don't want to make ye oneasy, but ef we aint in for a brush with them yer varmints, then I'm mistaken."

"What d'ye mean?" asked Peter. "D'ye think them six miserable scamps would dare to attack us? D'ye s'pose they expect to find us, in this section of country, without a guard?"

"Ah," replied the trapper, with a peculiar squinting of the eye, "ye don't know them 'tarnal cattle of ye think they're alone on this trail. They lied. Them six was only scouts. Ef thar aint more of 'em within an hour's tramp of us, then old Paul Redwing don't know 'em."

I had had a suspicion that way myself, and I asked Paul if he really thought there was any danger of our being attacked.

"I don't pretend to say 'bout that," he answered. "They may attack us; an' then, agin, they mayn't. Only I'd lay my life, an' this ole rifle with it, 'at there's a reg'lar war-party o' them varmint somewhar in these yer diggin's. Howsumever, we'll have supper, an' then I'll scout it a bit."

By this time Samp had supper ready, and after the meal had been disposed of, Paul shouldered his rifle, and prepared to set out. He did not follow in the direction which the Indians had taken on their departure, but struck off upon the trail by which they had come. I asked him if I shouldn't accompany him; but he said, no.

"I'd better go alone," he added. "I ken keep the track of them that come this way; and I reckon I'll find a mark somewhar. Jes' you keep watch here, an' leave the rest to me." And with this he set forth.

It was after sundown when the trapper returned, and the moment I saw him I knew that he had found something; and so it proved.

"Wal, boys," he said, throwing the butt of the rifle upon the ground, and easing the strap of his powder-horn over his shoulder, "it's jes' as I expected. Thar's a big party o' them calamity not far off. I followed the track of the six that come here, an' about a mile away I fell upon an old camp whar they'd been stoppin'. I kept the trail till I come to a piece of sand, whar a freshet had washed in among the timber, an' thar I had 'em as plain as the eyes on a catamount. The tracks in the sand was fresh, and I counted thirty on 'em. I don't think I made any mistake. Ef I aint mightily deceived thar's jest thirty o' them varmints somewhar near us. O, I knowed, when I was talkin' wi' them onhuman critturs 'at they was only spies. I know'd they was a lyin'. Blame their wolf's livers, I could see through 'em. But, thar's no use a talkin.' It'll be dark in a little while, an' we must be on the move."

"D'ye mean to pull up stakes?" asked Peter.

"What—an' run?"

"Yes."

"Why, bless yer good old red face, that yer would be jist the worst thing we could possibly do. No. We'll stay whar we be; only move things into shape."

"Then you think we'll be attacked," said Eastwood.

"Why, in course we will," replied Paul. "Them redskins mean to make a grand pull. They calkilate to rob us of jes' about everything we've got."

"And kill us, too, I suppose," suggested Peter.

"Wal," responded the trapper, in a very emphatic sort of way, "I never heer'd tell of an Osage that wouldn't kill a white man when he could git a chance; an' ef they don't mean to kill us, an' carry off our scalps to boot, then it's because they've forgot what knives was made for. I hope you aint afeared of Injuns."

This last remark touched Peter in a tender spot, and he straightway declared that he should consider it a very nice little adventure to have a brush with the rascals.

There may have been a touch of the bravado in this, but still I knew very well that Peter Hines was not the man to shrink from any duty; and I bade Paul consider us all as ready for any work that was to be done. Dick and Haskett both sustained me in the assurance I had given to our guide; and furthermore remarked, that though they had not come out into the wilderness to fight Indians, yet they should not shrink from striking any blow, or meeting any foe, while there was danger to be overcome. As for Samp, he really seemed to like the idea of the coming of the redskins. He had imbibed this spirit in a measure from his master; and, moreover, he had some revenge to gratify. In fact, he seemed to regard Redwing as a sort of invulnerable shield, perfectly Indian-proof, under cover of which he could pepper his old foes with impunity.

By the time it was fairly dark we all understood our situation. We knew that there was a war-party of the Osages at no great distance; and we had every reason to believe that they meant to attack us for the purpose of murder and robbery. Our first movement, after the fire went out, was to prepare our weapons. We each had a rifle, a double-barrelled fowling-piece; a brace of pistols; and good knives. The fowling-pieces were loaded with the heaviest kind of buck-shot, and we calculated that they would do wonderful execution among a close body of men. After this we rolled up our blankets and lay them around in just about the positions we should have occupied in sleeping.

"Now," said Paul, "we must have a guard for 'em to look at. They know 'at we keep a sentinel posted, an' they'll look for him the fust thing. I'll fix one up for 'em."

Among the stuff which we had cut for fire-wood was just the thing we needed. It was a large limb, from a maple tree, nearly six feet long, branching off, about midway, into two equal prongs, just right to represent the legs of a man. This was rigged up with coat and pants and hat, stuffed to respectable proportions with odds and ends of old blankets which had been used for packing, and then set aside for use. The horses and mules we moved nearer together, shortening their trail-ropes to the length of mere halters, and taking care that they should be out of the way of what we supposed might be the range of chance bullets.

Upon the edge of the camp, close by the river, and not over four rods from the place where the fire had been built, was a copse of dwarf oak, very much like the "black-jack" of the prairies; and here we determined to take up our position. Paul was sure the Indians would come from the opposite direction, so this grove would afford us just the cover we needed. As soon as our other preparations had been made, our "wooden man" was set up at a respectful distance from the tent, in about the position a sentinel would naturally have been posted, and so propped up by a stout stick that it had the appearance of a veritable "human" leaning upon his rifle. Samp then raked open the embers of his fire, to let them smoke and die out as they would, after which we crept carefully into the copse-wood, one at a time, with our weapons in sure order, where we felt that we were ready for the foe.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MISFORTUNES are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

DARKEST NEAREST DAWN.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Look in the other pocket, dear. Perhaps you put it there by mi-take."

And the young wife turned towards her husband a face whose sudden whiteness belied her hopeful words.

"It's no use, Maria, I tell you it is gone!" cried the young man, in tones of despair; "*gone*, and the Lord only knows what is to become of us."

"What is the case, sir?" asked one of the several gentlemen who left their seats to gather round the distressed family, consisting of the parents and two very noble and beautiful little ones, a boy and a girl.

"I have been robbed of all the money that I have on earth," replied the young man, his lips quivering and his teeth fairly chattering in his head. "And I am bound for Iowa with my family. We have none to help us; we shall starve, or *these* will, before I can earn anything for them."

"Oh, not so bad as that, my man," quoth a venerable gentleman, with a long beard and a gold-headed cane; "not so bad as that; you must not so easily lose your courage."

At this the pretty, weeping wife looked up, and said with earnestness:

"If you only knew one-half that he has come through, you would not wonder that this last misfortune is the drop too much," and leaning her head on her poor husband's shoulder, she sobbed afresh.

"I would like to hold you on my lap, my boy, may I have that pleasure?" asked the old man of the little boy.

"Yeth thir," was the frank assent, and the little fellow sat quietly where he was placed, while Jenny looked with smiles up into the benign face beside her.

"You must excuse me, sir," the old man said, addressing the husband and father, but I feel very much like taking liberties. Will you be so good as so relate so much as you may choose of your history? I feel strangely curious to hear it."

There was sympathy in every act and every tone of the old man, and the sore heart of the troubled young man was very thankful to unburden itself.

His name was George Howard, he said, that is, this was the only name he knew anything about, for he was a foundling taken from the cold stone floor of a hall in a public building one cold autumn morning. He was then about two years old, had been drugged and left there to perish, or to be picked up, as the case might be. A kind gentleman had found him, and for six or eight years he was well cared for, and happy. Then his friend died, and he found himself cast out on the mercy of strangers. He was taken into a family where they were not over kind to their *own* children—to *him* they had denied every pleasure and every advantage. He could not obtain time to go to school, but had managed to get candles and to study at night. Thus he mastered book-keeping and some other things, and at eighteen years of age had obtained a good place in a store. At twenty he had fallen in love with a sweet and worthy girl, and after two more years of toil, in spite of the opposition of her proud relatives, he had married her. This was a mistake, he supposed, at least everybody seemed to consider it so. They ought to have waited. But his salary was quite sufficient to live on, and what more did they need? They were very happy; but alas! there came a change. A bank exploded somewhere; then another and another; then the merchants began to shake, and like a row of bricks standing near together, when the first one gets a blow, down they all fell, and his employers among them.

There was no getting a situation. Hundreds of clerks, and many merchants, also, were out of business. George determined to go West. Then he met with many misfortunes; he was a long time sick, he was several times cheated, and once burned out; all that he took out with him was soon gone.

What made the trouble so bad was the fact that his family were with his wife's relatives, and he knew very well how they all talked to her; he knew how hard it was for her high and true heart to bear to hear him blamed for everything, and undervalued and contemned. So he had striven, and earned and borrowed money enough to go for his family, and they had started for a home in the great west, and now this blow had fallen upon them, and it was too much.

"I am now without a dollar in the world," concluded George, and the poor fellow let his head sink on his breast, and two tears fell from his great, sad eyes.

"Cheer up, my man," said the stranger "you know 'tis an old saying that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. And if a man *ever* trusts and hopes in God, it should be when he *most needs to*. And you are in that place now."

"Yes; I think I am," returned George gloomily. "And it is very hard. I had hoped that our *worst* troubles were over."

"Well, *I* think that they *are*," said their companion, smiling. "Here, Mr. Conductor, (for that functionary at this moment paused beside our group,) I pay for three—you don't charge anything for my children, you know."

"It is exceedingly kind of you, sir," said George; "but, but—you must give us your name and address, that we may know where to send the money when we become able to return it."

"You will have no difficulty as to returning it my man, as I reside in the same town to which you are bound. My name is Appleton, every body in —— knows me."

Little Josy, who had been looking intently at the stranger, here exclaimed: "You looks like mine papa."

"The child is right," said his mother. "If you will excuse my saying it, sir, there never was father and son looked more alike than do you and my husband."

The gentleman was visibly agitated. For a moment he made no reply; then said:

"I lost my only son when he was two years of age. He was stolen away, and we could never find him.

"Now, young man, I do not say that you are really my stolen son. There is, perhaps, no reasonable proof that you are. But the time and manner of your discovery would seem to suggest that it *may be* so. My heart yearns over you as it never has yearned over any living creature since my boy disappeared. I have never been blessed with another child. I will take you all with me to my home, if you are willing to go with the old stranger."

Was not the darkest hour nearest the dawn?

George and his family went with the old man to his home—his large, palatial home, no longer solitary as it had been. The moment Mrs. Appleton's eyes fell upon George she clasped her hands and gazed as one in a trance—gazed long and earnestly, and then suddenly, as one who had made up her mind to shut out all doubts, she fell upon his neck and cried, "My son! O my long-lost son!"

George's dark days *were* over, and his morning *had* risen.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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JENNY WAYNE

BY GEORGE COOPER.

By the margin of a river,
Where the water lilies grow
In soft silence endless ever,
On the pebbly shore,
In a rose-embowered cottage
My heart's queen doth reign,
Hope and sunshine ever with her—
Happy Jenny Wayne.

As she wanders in the valley
Wild birds come their song
To regale at her sweet wedding
While she trips along.
And the kisses in her pathway
Are like fairies' dew in pale
As they look upon their circlet—
Passion Jenny Wayne.

Oh, her life is cloudless ever
In her humble home!
For contentment, health and goodness
Dwell beneath the dome.
Many are the hats she buys for her—
Love her all in vain,
But I know who owns the heart of
Darling Jenny Wayne.

THE TALK OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who went to the door just now?" demanded a young lady, entering the parlor with a quick step, and looking considerably discomposed in manner.

"I did," was answered by a girl of fifteen, with the air of one half conscious of a wrong.

"You did. So I imagined. Will one ask why possesses you to run to the door every time the bell rings, Emily?" Sarcasm never boils, nor young ladies. Pray let us have an end of this. We'll be the talk of the whole neighborhood."

"I can't see any particular harm in opening the door for a visitor," was answered.

"Hasn't it?" was slightly and think we don't keep servants."

"I can't see what business other people have, with the arrangement of our family," said the younger sister, speaking more resolutely. "Suppose we didn't keep any servants. Then would be our own affair."

"Emily!" The elder sister spoke impatiently. "You must not go to the door when the bell rings. That's Ellen's business. She's paid for the purpose. You'll be taken for a hired girl. Can't you understand?"

Now that argument had its influence. To be taken for a hired girl! Emily was alarmed.

"I'm out of all patience with her," said the elder sister, entering the room where her mother and mother were sitting, a few moments afterwards. She seemed particularly annoyed.

"With whom, Kate?" asked the mother.

"Why, with Emily. She insists upon running to the door when the bell rings, just as though we hadn't three servants in the house."

The father, a care-worn looking man, who sat reading the morning paper, lay the sheet full upon his knees, and turned his eyes upon Emily. His countenance, as it fell upon it, wore a painful expression, while his thin lips shut themselves closer. He made no remark, however, though it was plain that his sympathies were not with his daughter Kate.

"I really don't see what's to be about it," added the young lady, still addressing her mother. "We shall be the talk of the whole neighborhood."

If the car and heart of Kate Hamilton had been open in the right direction, she would have heard the sighs of some family breathing through her father's lips. If her eyes had been observant, she would have seen the deep shadow that fell over his countenance. His thoughts had gone back over many years, to the time when his wife kept not even a single servant, and when she opened her own door to every one who chanced to call—to a time when the latest, from expensive curve and humiliating embarrassments, been rhythmically in his bosom, and his lips swerved to his heart in song. There were five rhythms in the house now, and long ago music had died upon his lips.

"Who was any harm in it," replied Mrs. Hamilton. "If Emily chooses to open the door, and thus save Ellen a few steps, why should we trouble you so seriously?"

"I don't want my sister to put herself on a level with servants; at least, not in the face of the whole neighborhood," retorted Kate, with an air of conscious self-importance.

Mr. Hamilton threw his newspaper on the centre-table, and rising, left the room without a remark. Kate drawing on his evening paper in hall, preparatory to going forth on the day's dreaded business. Emily came out of the parlor, and placing her hand upon him in a fond, fam- lier way, said softly:

"What harm is there in my going to the door when the bell rings?"

"None, dear, that I can see," replied Mr. Hamilton.

"Kate thinks it dreadful."

"Does she?"

"Yes, and says if I go to the door, well be the talk of the whole neighborhood."

"If the neighborhood finds nothing more serious to talk about, Emily, no injury will be done. But why are you so anxious about going to the door when the bell rings?"

"I'm not anxious about it, father," replied the girl. "Just now I went to the door because I supposed it to be a note, and that Ellen was in the third story. What would have been the use of bringing her all the way down stairs, when I could step to the door in a moment?"

"True enough," said Mr. Hamilton. "What would harm from the use of it?"

"Then," added Emily, "it takes a long time to get to the door when Ellen happens to be in with up stairs, and perhaps when ring have to wait. I can't sit still in the parlor, if I am there, when a servant comes up stairs to the door. As to the lacru, I am too dull to see it."

"And I hope you'll always remain too dull," answered her father. As he said this he laid his hand kindly. Some one had given it a vigorous jerk.

"Shall I open the door?" Emily was already on tiptoe.

"Certainly."

She went back with a letter. Mr. Hamilton took it from her hand, and broke the seal in evident carelessness. Letters left for him during the dwelling had come to be, in most cases, unpleasant matter.

An exclamation of surprise and pain fell from the lips of Mr. Hamilton, as his eyes glanced over the long, neatly written slip of paper which the envelope had covered. Then he refolded the paper, and thrust it into his pocket in a half desperate, half despairing way.

"What is it, father?" Emily drew her hands through his arm, and looked up anxiously into his face.

"Nothing that you can help, dear," replied the father, endeavoring to rally himself, and assume an indifference which he did not feel. Then he kissed her, and went hastily out, to wander through the day's dreaded business.

Who say "Wonder through," for Mr. Hamilton was in embarrassed circumstances. In the morning, when he went forth to business, it was not often that he knew where the money to meet the day's payments was to come from, and usually ascribed of his time was spent in borrowing, or seeking discounts. The bill just received was from a jeweller, to whom he had given his two oldest daughters, Isabel and Kate, permission to go for a few articles, and they had, in the course of six months, run up an account of nearly two thousand dollars. No wonder that he receipt by Mr. Hamilton occasioned an agitation of surprise and pain. When hope was there of release from embarrassment, under the steady, unrelaxing pressure of debts like this? It was only on the day before that a day goods bill of three hundred dollars had given him a shock, from which his nerves not yet had a low, sickening quiver. Like a man straggling in deep water, he had felt that his present additional burden laid upon his shoulders must bear him under.

"What are you doing here, with the windows stretched wide to the morning breeze, Isabel, on hour after her father went out. She had come into the parlor, where Emily was moving about briskly, with a duster in her hand. Comprehending at a glance the work in which the sister was engaged, Kate's first movement was to draw down the sashes and close the curtains. Then, with considerable asperity of tone, she said:

"Are you going crazy? Who told you to dust the parlor?"

Emily's face grew warm, and she answered, with some spirit, as she crossed the room and drew back the curtains which the other had closed:

"I'm only cause your interference with me, Kate. It isn't agreeable. If I choose to dust the parlors or sweep up the hall, I suppose I've a right to ask your permission."

"Do you call that dusting a servant?" Kate had moved back instinctively as the curtains were swept broadly aside by Emily. Her face was slight not be seen from the street, and now stood in the hall.

"Are none but servants usefully employed?" asked Emily, with impetus.

"Oh, dear! You are incorrigible! We shall be the talk of the whole neighborhood before long! What has possessed you? Do come out of the parlor, and let those dusty things to rights." Kate spoke in a weak, troubled, and complaining voice. The resolute manner of her sister was disheartening.

"Ellen has enough to do up stairs," was Emily's reply, as she began to move about the room, went on with the work of dusting and rubbing the furniture, the motion of which sent the blood in bounty to her cheeks. Hopeless of influencing her sister, Kate turned to go up the stairs with the purpose of appealing to her mother, when she heard the door bell ring. The sound arrested her steps. Would Emily go to the door? Should she go herself, and thus put herself in her thought, when she saw Emily emerge from the parlor, duster in hand.

"Emily!" she called, in a low, warning voice.

But Emily, giving no heed to her sister, opened the door. As she stood there, with the curtains, looked steadily into her face for a moment or two, and then drawing from his pocket a folded paper, said:

"Be sure that you give this to Mr. Hamilton." The gentleman in black turned to leave the door. She felt that, in some way unknown to her, his mind did not entirely approve of her.

"What is it?" she asked, as the color left her cheek.

"It is a summons," answered the man.

"A summons!" she stagged back, shrinking the door almost in his face.

"Who was it?" asked Kate, calling down from her position on the stairs.

"A man on business," replied Emily, as she glided into the parlor, where she sat down, trembling. Kate was not in a condition to meet with her mother against the right of Emily to compromise the family dignity. Mrs. Hamilton folded the paper just received at the door, and sought to appear self-possessed. It was only a short sheriff's writ, or summons, giving legal notification that an action for debt had been commenced against Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton by a creditor whose patience was exhausted; but poor Emily supposed it to be some very serious instance, and in mystic phraseology, for none but the initiated.

"We shall be the talk of the whole neighborhood, mother," Kate was wringing her hands, and stamping, accompanied by the sound of feet, from the parlor to the hall. "I wish I'd never come into her pocket. As she did so, her mother and Kate supposed it to be a note.

"There is no need of your doing this," said Mrs. Hamilton, in a firm voice. "It must be done in the chambers. But what is the matter, dear?" The mother's voice changed, for she saw that Emily's face was pale and troubled.

Emily, not yet clear in her own mind as to what was best to be done in regard to the summons, spoke in evasion of the truth, and turning aside commenced rubbing the piano, saying, as she did so:

"I like the exercise. It's good for me."

Kate, who had gone up stairs, and Mrs. Hamilton had not a word to say.

"You'd better not touch the piano," said Kate, with asperity, "if exercise is what you want."

Emily left the room, and kept on rubbing and dusting the piano.

"I would go to the door," suggested Mrs. Hamilton. "That is Ellen's duty. She's hired for the purpose. I don't like to see you and Kate annoys your sisters. They don't regard it as genteel. They are so observant, and have to act with some regard to public sentiment."

"The will at the door just now," said Emily, acting from the moments impulse, as she drew the summons from her pocket, and handed it to her mother.

Mrs. Hamilton unfolded the paper in a hurried manner, and turned pale as she glanced at its contents.

"What is it?" asked Kate.

"Something for your father," replied Mrs. Hamilton, in a subdued voice, as she went from the room. Kate stood a few moments, and then following, Emily looked without further interference.

Two hours later in the day, Kate and her sister Isabel, two showy girls, draped in a costly and extravagant, went like forth to display themselves and win admiration. They did not fail to win admiration, as the observing, as they cannot speak with assurances. After promenading for an hour, they stopped into the store of a jeweller—how many times in the day! On morning, furnished their father with a long bill. Another bill had been running for months past, polite, and anxious to have them purchase; but he seemed rather indifferent on this occasion, and displayed his goods, as salved for, in almost total silence. Both Kate and her sister felt this change; but not the remotest suspicion of the cause entered their mind.

"Isn't this elegant?" said Kate, taking up an opal ring.

"Beautiful," replied Isabel.

"What is the price?" asked Kate.

"Twenty dollars," answered the jeweller, reaching out his hand to take the ring. But Kate slipped it on her finger, and gazed, almost like one fascinated, into the flame that quivered in the heart of the gem.

"I must have an opal," she said. "And this is such a beauty. Twenty dollars?"

"That is the price, Miss," answered the jeweller, but so coldly that Kate looked up into his face.

"Twenty dollars!"

"Yes, Miss, for a small opal, one of the finest I have seen."

"Charge it to father," said Kate. But the jeweller was reserved:

"Hadn't you better ask your father before buying so costly a gem?"

"Ask my father?" Blood came reddening into Kate's face.

The jeweller bowed, gravely, and held out his hand for the opal, which, hurriedly drawing from her finger, Kate placed within it. Another customer entering at the moment, the jeweller turned from the two surprised young ladies, who left the store hastily.

"He need very proud," said Kate, as they passed to the street. "I wonder what he meant?"

"Can father have been saying anything to him?"

"Of course not. He wouldn't disgrace himself so much as that. He was very short in speaking! Mr. K—— will see no more of our custom."

"Indeed he will not! I never was so mortified in my life!"

So the sisters talked over the humiliating incident, which the reader understands better than they did. After making a few streets, they went into a dry goods store, where they were in the habit of buying. Here each selected an elegant, new style, silk dress, and bought it, with the air of princesses.

"Walk a moment," said the polite clerk, who had waited upon them, as they turned to move across the store to where one of the proprietors were seated. The request was complied with, and made the two young ladies feel a little doubtful as to the result. Nevertheless, they went and followed the clerk, and took seats of the knitted with a nervous manner of the proprietor. After a little while the clerk came back, and with a low voice, and respectful manner, made an announcement of manner which could not be hidden, said:

"It should prefer not cutting these goods for you to-day, if you will excuse us."

"Oh, I see!" said Kate, with a proud and bend a little proudly; but the arrow had gone to her heart. She felt as if every one in the store knew them, with a cross-faced air that could not be mistaken, in the manner of the proprietor.

This shock considerably subdued their ardor, as the ladies of fashion, and they moved about in a ladies' restaurant. As they entered one of the counters, where they were known, a young ladies at a table, who eyed them closely. From their position, they could not see the whole of the casted themselves at the entrance end; but not the two young ladies who sat at the table at the entrance, across which a Venilian screen was placed. They were talking about the same purchase of young ladies we have mentioned, and the whole affair was known to the occupants of them.

"They're the talk of the whole neighborhood." Scarcely were they seated before this sentence pricked their ears.

"Oh, no; surely not!" was asked.

"Oh, on various accounts; mainly for their style. They've been cutting it rather fine, and they were over-dressed, and how queerly they look! Their father's ground that was all that was scarcely good enough for their dainty feet."

"Yes—I noticed that. But, I suppose their father has got a good deal more wealth than the heads of some people."

"Not much. Poor folly of the whole thing," answered the other speaker. "So for the present, we're to have our silver to wear and one to debt, and worried half out of his wits by the importunities of his creditors. Now my brother knows all about his business affairs, and says he expects to be dangerous to add his heavy burden they must be adding to the best shoulders of so kind-hearted a man. Poor, unmanly fellow! Why don't he, then, have such a fancy to one of them; but soon comprehended poor Emily's meaning. Her father was in debt, family is in debt everywhere. Our dressmaker has a bill against us for nearly three hundred dollars, and this she has sent for the money over and over again. Kate was in a terrible state of unpaid bill at a jeweller's. The grocer and provision dealer are pressing for payment both are that it is almost impossible to get an account settled. Kate sympathized in the misfortunes of her family, as though they were the daughters of a prince!

"I don't wonder they are the talk of the neighborhood," was the reply.

"And they keep three servants, forsooth," went on the other. "The neighbors think it much more creditable for them to keep two cow—and monster into the bargain."

"How many sisters are there?"

"Three."

"Is she?"

"No. The youngest is wholly different from the rest. She's a sweet girl, and a sensible girl, and worth a score of her good-for-nothing sisters. Emily, I think, they're—more interesting subject for discussion."

The two sisters heard no more.

The talk of the whole neighborhood! Even Kate's ears had caught the sound. Isabel and her sister were again seen abroad, and then at home, but they were very silent and thoughtful that many people who knew them questioned, genteel. They were so observant, indeed, that two weeks other ended had dropped from their lips. Even the pressure of embarrassment was most upon their father, but he actually ascribed to the departure of guests, or something similarly unimportant, this season.

Lizette came to him at last. A handsome, self-possessing lady, just entering the dawning of her well. A slight flush tinged the cheek that had been pale round, and that was all the trace of embarrassment that she betrayed. Not so with Mr. Allen. He looked like a man whom his ancient love absented. She was so different from the one he had expected! He felt sorry that he had lost her; he felt, for the first time, that he could not be happy with her, unless he could if he should win her back.

He left the hotel he was staying with his mind fully settled on that point. He had not only resolved to win her, but to have her alone and together with the emblematical white ribbons, the cards of Lizette and the Reverend Dr. ——, and the carriage, to whose door he was to drive evening to be united.

He had resolved on a day for the wedding, and Lizette had shown him that a true friendship might be established above the ruins of their long extinct love. But when the time came, he had not the courage to see her united to another, and the next morning he left the town, never to return. The remainder of his life was spent in the cold solitude that he had chosen in his younger years; but each year it became more irksome, and each convinced him that all his fame, and all his honors, could not compensate him for the jewel of domestic joy which, when he held it in his reach, he had deliberately cast from his hand.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY ARTEMUS WARD.

A HEAD equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed to servitude that a man's acquaintance might not discover them, until some unforeseen circumstance called them forth.

No general can presume to say that he may have to defeated, but he can and should say that he will not be accepted. A general too often accomplished his victories from the inside to conquer.

If a woman scorns you, don't keep her picture as a thing to make you sad. Throw it down from its pedestal, and let the corkscrew of your pride and self-respect by inserting a sharp art.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we would maintain our free and independence, we must raise those of the wrestling mind.

If you undertake to do a kindness, don't disgust by your manner of doing it. If a person drops a pocket-handkerchief, don't present it to him with a pair of tongs.

We go to the grave of a friend, saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying "A man is born."

SOME people's sensibility is a mere bundle of emotions, and their memory a row of locks to keep grudges in.

WHEN we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act, we can scarcely bear a provoking word.

FOLKS are not made to love beautiful faces alone; they should love beautiful lives—but how little those—should fill the vale of the beautiful.

There are many things which great genius can do easily. There are enough angels and whirligigs and nonsense in the world to make a thousand fools.

STAND still rather than proceed by trespassing on another's property. Overcome a difficulty rather than avoid it by breaking down a fence.

WONDERFUL is the advice of the spring—the great yearly miracle of the blossoming of Aaron's rod, expressed in the language of flowers.

OUR OWN our worst enemies in our own hearts. Let us fight Passion, and Pride, and Vice, and Folly. Let continual vigilance in follow.

THE Egyptians had discovered action mixers and hypocrites can boast of, in that of serving the devil without knowing it, or meaning to.

To be honest with success requires far more than it does to be a rogue; to be honest without success requires far more magnanimity.

THE man who is not so disagreeable, why are we so often advised to mix both?

Always tell your child the truth when they are sober; they are always either drinking or lying.

THE man who whistles a girl seeks to catch her best, is a fishing-smack.

CHEMISTRY are the Zouaves in the female sort of business.

He must be a great coward who is afraid of himself, and a great fool who is not afraid.

THE man who brews a vast number of turnstile is a revolutionary character.

It is said that the pen is neighbor than the sword. Neither is if used as without a fellow.

MISERS may be wived, but oftentimes wives, like flies, are caught in honey.

FUNERAL knells are only the door-bells of the dead.

TRUTH is not dexterity, cunning is not skill, and surgery is not prudence.

In misery-mine cases out of a hundred, wealth creates more waste than is wasteful.

THE man who plants a tree, or a handful of seeds in it; it why become a garden of flowers.

THE man who hoarseness will preserve fruits if they are.

An elephant is often as much a Solomon as his keeper, and a log more of a Bacon than his feeder.

THE first apple was made by the first pair.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A SERVANT-GIRL, living with a family in Williamsburgh, was sent to the post and a number of her employer's house open, one night recently, so as to entice the unwary to enter and help themselves at the street point, with the understanding of which she had previously made. The plan succeeded to the full extent of her wishes, for she had allowed the number of the house being a member of the House Guard, and up to midnight, out of the way of the house was opened, and had left him and the girl (whom he betrayed) taken to prison.

THE Rev. Mr. Bellows, of this city, the owner of which is in the country, was amused by hearing a boy, who had charge of John Rose, who was about purchasing or stabling and other valuable property, say to Mr. Rose's coachman, after having spoken warmly of the horse and admired the points, the latter took measures to secure the horse, and succeeded in effecting the deceit unless they saved hundreds of dollars' worth of property from the flames.

A RESTAURANT and worthy German lady, living in Williamsburgh, Brooklyn, was lately treated to a benefit by the explosion of a fluid lamp, which she was filling, during the day. The lamp was one of the new and best fuel, decolorized and known, and her clothes and hair were set on fire, and she was so far burned that, in some time, she suffered the most excruciating agonies, that she was unable to move from the floor on which she fell, and which were only relieved by death.

THE most remarkable benefit of people in Lawrence street got into a difficulty about some neighborhood affair, and commenced fighting. Both were drunk, and with clubs and bricks, and missiles of many kinds were resorted to, and the fight was kept up for a long time. At last, the combatants were separated, and the fight was put to an end. One man was so sore and sore, whose hold head was slightly cracked. The other, a man, had received many severe and injuries.

A GRADUATE of well-known rowdies got into a fight in a purgatory one night lately, and fought over an hour, and the combatants were parted at last and when time they were separated, when each presented a most horrible appearance—eyes bruised, noses battered and bleeding, their cheeks cut open, and their hats gnawed to pieces. They were both arrested, and locked up, and while were only relieved by death.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

THE CLUB OF THE ECONOMICAL AND ENTERTAINING CIRCULATION OF THE LEDGER.—We are anxious (or complimented by your not answering) to form, in order to make a great and glorious Club, which shall be the envy of the country, and the source (not, as a legislator avers, of corruption) of higher than the combined circulations of any two others.

WE ALWAYS SEND the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, to the end of the week in which the year's subscription is due, so it would be well to have your subscriptions in time for week before the time expires.

NO TRAVELLING ADDRESS.—We employ no travelling agents. Our terms are a system to suit no man's pocket, and to be a BARGAIN.

WE SUPPLY change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present address.

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RUSSELL, THE SPY.

Certainly we are the most complacent of nations. In the midst of a civil war, the issues of which must determine whether this Union shall stand or fall, we shall have our camps, forts and arsenals, conduct through our navy yards and squadrons, intrust with our plans and purposes, the emissary of a powerful London press known to be hostile to our interests—a press enjoying the confidence of a government said to be now contemplating recognizing Secession with the belligerent rights of the Republic in its core waters, and a formal recognition of its domestic enemies.

Such an act of insanity is unprecedented in the history of national affairs. And our weak points have been politely exposed to the inspection of this foreign spy. The most important dockyards have been confronted with him. Our military officers have told him all they knew, and our naval resources and defences have been seen as an open book to him. By way of capping the climax of courtesy, we entrust him over to Dixie's Land, brimful of valuable information, wending to his *home* for silence on all matters that a gentleman so situated would consider it infamy to disclose.

The result is what might have been anticipated, and what such folly deserved. Mr. Russell, the Spy of the London Times, and, indirectly, of the British Government, has encountered no, fished about us and betrayed us. He has stigmatized our soldiers as cowards, declared that at the battle of Bull Run (which *he did not witness*) there was "no desperate struggle but to get away," and intimated that all our fighting arrangements are a burlesque on the art of war. He has even had the hardihood to assert that in the engagement, *from the accounts of which he had to advance of all other fatalities, and of which he merely saw the smoke*, there was not a single bayonet charge made, nor a battery taken, nor a close encounter of any kind. The falsehood is enormous, but no *coward* on such a subject can be too monstrous for Mr. Russell's employers. The crowning act of the spy's baseness was reserved by accident. In the battle of Manassas, unarmed, when about to leave for Europe, was found a letter disclosing the fact that Mr. Russell had shown his first epistle on the Bull Run battle to a prominent Secessionist before dispatching it to England. He was this all. In further approval from the seized letter, that this semi-official agent of the British government had made merry over our defeat with his Southern friend, and intimated that Beauregard and Johnston "might have had Washington for the asking."

The LEDGER expressed its opinion of Mr. Russell pretty plainly soon after the republication of his first letter; but now admits that his mendacity and treachery have transcended its darkest anticipations. It is not *his* offence, however, that it would now entertain—since he only did the dirty work for which he hired himself—but the credulity and stupidity of men in power, who pested him, endorsed him, and furnished him the opportunities of information he has so shamefully abused.

THE RAILROAD VILLAGE.

Reasoning theoretically, one would say that railroad villages should be especially enterprising and energetic. The impetus given to their growth and speed that hurries through their midst from time to time a day, ought to kindle in their breasts an emulation to get ahead. Instead of which, they are dead-alive. Nothing ever comes to them, one would suppose, that is less than one can create out of iron, a machine with the mercurial energy and the night's speed. It is a disgrace to live in a place about on the natural proportions of a snail's pace, with no more life in him than there is in a Zoophyte. But the speculative philosopher who imagines that a railroad must have a stimulating effect upon the little masses of humanity that dot its course, will at once abandon his theory on being confronted with that dullest and dandiest of social institutions—a railroad village. If Lethe flowed between the rails and the villagers had nothing else wherewith to wash their whistles, they could scarcely be more dead-lyish.

The moral influence of steam, as a motor, is depressing. Suppose of vitalizing it, degraded by a sense of his own inferiority to a mere machine, bounded by the resistless might communicated by a nod of vapor to a tome of iron, man in the presence of the annihilator of time and space, seems to think that as his strongest efforts can effect so little in comparison, it it scarcely worth while to exert himself at all. Perhaps this method of accounting for the general apathy of railroad villages is incorrect; but the fact remains—they are apathetic.

They are not, however, incapable of excitement. On one day of every week, the railroad village puts off its indifference. Farmers flock in from the surrounding country, the resident community wakes up, pleasant anticipations sparkle in the eyes of the village maidens and matrons, and the crowd at the depôt is cheerful, not to say jolly. Need we say that this day, "marked with a white stone" in the calendar of the hamlet, is LITTLEN DAY.

GRANDMOTHERS.

"There is no love like a mother's," we are told; but a grandmother's love is very like it, and often quite as deep and strong. We put it to grand-children, of a tender age, to say who gets and indulges them most—mother or grandmother. They know in their little hearts that they are safe with them. Suffice them to question of birch between Maternity and Little Pickle. Grand-Maternity steps in as intercessor. Fullfed Little Pickle is not so utterly incorrigible as he was, and with condoning candies soothes the indignant culprit. This truth is, that as grandchildren women decline into the vale of years, their affections for children become more intense and exclusive. Grandma has folded her hands from the world. Its artificial gentilities and its enjoyments have lost their zest—they are "all hollow" to her. She has had her share of them, and can dearer to her than ever. It takes her back to the days when she fondled and petted her own mother, with the child whose children she is exercising; it reminds her as she looks forward across the gulf of her pilgrimage, that of such is the kingdom of heaven is composed.

Grandmothers, however, are not always propery appreciated, and treated with the respect they deserve by the juvenile generation. Young and girls of the Lucedemonian type are sometimes inclined to be impatient of the restraint taken with, and the advantages taken of, the fond indulgence of the old lady in the matters of the household, are often disgraceful to Indian ink. Many instances have also the venerable ladies rarely avoid the delinquents. On the contrary, they laugh at the time, and, at their own expense, and are patient and forbearing under provocations that modern wisdom would be quite with a stinging rebuke. Beautiful is the love of grandmothers.

LADIES IN LIEDO.

The government at Washington, finding that rebel ladies are accumulating on its hands, has hit upon a novel method of getting rid of them. Some of the fair traitors, who converted their houses into masked-batteries of secession, and aimed plans of our fortifications into their confidential correspondence, have been transported into the folds of garments supposed to be sacred from intrusion. But, as a matter of course, sanctuary fitted up for their exclusive accommodation. Nowadays, they are not in favor with us. Pretty birds are rarely placed in rude cages, and it is by no means kind to the fair ones that we were found to be such efficient substitutes for the old-fashioned cage. Hence, the fair ones' wings against gilded wires. But they are in limbo. Like the ugliness of certain birds, and decorations, now employed in the service of the Government, they are kept in close confinement. They are indignant at their insecurities. It is said, "the," they say, "of the wives of ex-senators, and members of the House of Representatives being put in jail! What is civilization coming to?" Ah, indeed, what is it coming to? Ah, indeed, what is it coming to? Ah, indeed, what is it coming to?

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"O WOFUL DAY."

BY ALICE CARY.

Sink out of sight in the realm of night,
O wasting and wearing day,
For the sweet and leave of my rose of more
Are broken and blown away!
My leaves are scattered, my hopes are shattered,
My yeas is turned to pain;
Sowing once, alive gave o'er,
And living the night and the rain.

The flower o' the wind on th' grass line bind,
And spite the daffodil's pride,
His pot of gold grows hoary in cold,
And he hangs his head aside.
There is only one, the flower o' th' sun,
That still feels more till night
Can stand and stare through her misty hair,
In the face of the flaming light.

Ah, fair and white is the fairy light
Falling soft from off thy brow,
But never another with thine love hides,
Was telling and cruel as thou.
Now with a smile to flatter while
The creeping, ceaseless ebb,
And now to on a bank of thy sky,
Kissing the hands o' th' tide!

When smiles are cold and glands are short,
And thy hut through my chamber flies,
I shall sleep and see through a fold of dreams
The star of my hope arise.
Make haste away, O wofal day,
That has turned my pure to pain;
Sowing once, alive gave o'er, and living,
And being the night and the rain.

EUDORA;
OR,
THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "'TIS BETTER THAN GOLD," "THE FATE OF DEVILLE," "SOWN HIMSELF," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Deserve before you what you may pretend—
Approach great acts with great abilities:
All the love the heart can cherish
Thy love to possess—
But when the utmost point o'er does
Of all that's great or good,
How can you hope for more than
To be thought so?"

Early in the morning Eudora arose from her sleepless bed. With the aid of the rude basin and jug of water and coarse towel that had been placed on the rough deal stand by Mrs. Burton the night previous, Eudora made her simple toilet.

And next, with the love of order and neatness which characterizes every true woman under all the circumstances of life, she made up the little bed and arranged the narrow cell. But oh! with what a heavy, aching heart, and when an ever present sense of the awful danger before her!

Finally, she knelt and offered up her usual morning prayer, and then sat down, overcome with sadness, to endure the dull pain of merely living on.

She had not long thus brooded, when the little square opening at the top of her door was darkened by the face of the female warder. And the next instant Mrs. Burton unlocked the door and entered, only saying:

"I peeped in first to see if you were asleep, for if you had been, Miss, it isn't I as would be disturbing you, or seeing as you got as much blessing to them as is in trouble, is a-'most a sin to wake 'em. But, Miss, you needn't let that give the pains to do the cell yourself, 'cause I could ha' done it."

"I thank you, it cost me little pains; besides, occupation is almost as great a blessing as sleep to persons in my unhappy circumstances," replied Eudora.

"And that's true, too; I know by myself for well I remember when my two poor sailor-lads were lost in the Great Western steamship as went down off the ish board—and I a lone widder-woman—I should ha' just gone raving mad, if so be I hadn't been obliged to work so hard all day that I slept sound all night. And so, between hard work and sound sleep, I lived through it."

"Is your post such a hard one?" inquired the poor young prisoner, taking the immediate interest in the kind-hearted, childless widow.

"Law, no, Miss, but I wasn't born then, no, nor for a year afterwards. Bless you, Miss, I was in the laundry line o' business; but being of one of your grandfather, the old Lord Averton's tenants, your father, Mr. Charles, took pity on me, and spoke to Mr. Anderson, as were the intelligalous to him, to give me this place. It isn't in no ways hard on me, whatsoever; it was fit for men as I have to 'tend to. But it's been a teaching on Miss, for since I've been here I've seen other people in so much deeper sorrow than my three deaths can create, that I've been ashamed to grieve out of reason for my own troubles, and I lav'thought, if the name of the Lord, it wor' perhaps all for the best, for if my poor Catherine had lived, they might ha' been led wrong and brought here, and that would ha' killed me outright—I have had some pretty bad fits o' women, suddenly escaping and reddening at the thought of the unkindness of speech into which her tongue had hurried her, at the open portdoor, for I know that some come here without deserving it."

"And I came here without any fault of mine! Oh, believe it! You have said heaven's very father! Oh, for his sake believe that his only child did not—could not—commit the dreadful crimes falsely charged upon her!" said Eudora, earnestly, raising her hand thereto in the act of grace, full of impassioned truthfulness, up to the warden's face.

"And 'spite of the evidence, I don't think you did, Miss, 'spite of your words and your manner, tir, it don't stand to reason as you could!"

"I do not understand you, or being so, how can I be brought against you on your trial," interrupted Miss Burton.

"What, not to you, who were my father's friend, and are mine?" asked Eudora, in surprise.

"No, Miss, none but my lawyer, and he might even pull me up for a witness; best to continue."

"But I can pull him, and bring on, how can I do anything to injure my cause?"

"I cannot know, Miss, but they do tell as how you let out many things afore the squire as had better been kept in."

"I spoke only the truth of what I had done; and I had done only what was right, for the whole world was welcome to know it, and I do not see how it could hurt me."

"Yes, Miss, but then the best of truth do get so tossed upside down and inside out by them lawyers, as you couldn't tell it from the worst of falsehoods; and so, if so be you can't say anything of worth, you'd best keep a still mouth in your head. But depend upon this, Miss—as Sarah Burton will do everything she lawfully can do to help and comfort your father's daughter."

"I thank you from a full heart! Oh, my dear father! little did you think, in providing for a poor widow, you were raising up a friend for your unhappy daughter in her bitterest extremity!" exclaimed Eudora, with emotion, as she grasped the hard hand of the woman.

"The ways of Providence are strange," said the good woman, musingly.

"They are," echoed poor Eudora, thinking of the strange fate that had cast her into prison.

"And now, Miss, as the gov'ner's family are about to sit down to breakfast, I will go and bring yours from his own table, same as I brought your supper."

"As all the prisoner's supplied from the governor's table?"

"Lawk, no, Miss! quite the reverse! You didn't happen to think the prisoners all got ham chop and port wine for their supper, such as I brought you last night?"

"Why, no, and that was the reason why I asked you. But do all the rest starve?"

"Lawk, no, Miss! quite the reverse. as I said before."

"Then why am I so supplied?"

"Why, Miss, you see, it's a—it's a—it's another affair altogether with you."

"Then understand that I want no privilege that is not shared by the humblest of my fellow prisoners—no favor, in short."

"Well, Miss, for the matter of that, it is not an unlawful privilege, seeing as how the gov'ner certainly has the right to send meals from his own table to any one he likes—and as for favor, Miss, it's a favor for you to accept any lawful services as he is free to render you, seeing as how it is under such everlasting obligations to you and your's as he can never repay."

"Not to your knowledge, perhaps, or heard of the man before I was brought hither."

ALMA APPEALING TO HER MOTHER.

"There are many; but as the more belief in your innocence would do you but little good with judge or jury, it is necessary that they assist you in every practical way."

"But are there any witnesses that have sent me this sustenance?"

"I must not tell more than I have already told—that they are those who have a deep interest in the acquittal of the innocent and the extirpation of the guilty."

"But what sort of an interest?"

"I may not tell you more than that it is of as selfish a nature as to justify me in accepting all the sustenance they can make you for their own sakes, without feeling under any obligation to them whatever."

"That will be difficult—indeed, impossible; for I must feel very, very grateful to these unknown benefactors," said Eudora, no longer refusing the gift, but accepting it with mixed feelings of gratitude and humiliation.

Alma would have remained longer, but the footsteps of several persons were heard approaching, and the door was unlocked, and Mr. Montrose, accompanied by a strange gentleman, had passed into the garden.

Alma hastily kissed Eudora, bade her be of good cheer, gathered her table vail over her hat, and hurried from the cell, to return home, and keep her dangerous appointment with her father.

"Miss Leeson, I have brought down Mr. Fenton, who is here to consult with you upon your case," said Mr. Montrose, presenting the lawyer.

The lawyer bowed, and the lady courtesied, and the door was unlocked, and Mr. Montrose withdrawn.

Alma would have rested

so earnestly, you would never have known her."

"She accepted the loan without reluctance?" asked the lady.

"No, madam, there was much hesitation; but I used the arguments with which you had provided me, and I assured her that those who sent her the money had a personal interest in her acquittal that made it quite right for her to withdraw her share in the cost of her defence."

"You were right; but how did she state this explanation?"

"With the confiding faith of a grateful child — only accustomed to endow the names of her benefactors, and the object to mention them in her prayers."

"Why do you say *benefactors*, when there was but one?" inquired the lady.

"Mamma, when we speak of anyone in the third person, without wishing even to develop their sex, we say 'they,' because we have no third person singular of the common gender. And because I used the pronoun 'they,' she fancied there was more than one, and spoke of our 'many benefactors,' answered Alma, blushing deeply at the accuracy reconvicted.

"Well, but you did not give the name?"

"No, mamma."

"Did she speak of her approaching trial? Is she frightened? Has she hope? Speak, tell me more about her."

In reply to this effusion, Alma related in detail the full account of her visit to Enderon. And while Alma described the anguish to which the poor imprisoned girl was a prey, the lady, long past shedding tears of sympathy, could only clasp her hand upon her heart, and groan at one suffering under a sore heavy burthen of remorse.

At Alma, forgetting her own grievous sorrows in the deep sorrows of Enderon, was still engaged in describing the prison interview, the child struck seven.

She started, clasped her hands, and gazed appealingly towards her mother.

"Well, it is too late now, Alma, to keep your appointment. Even if Captain Montrose has waited a little over his time, he will not be angry that he will wait half an hour longer, which is the length of time I would bid you to wait for the tyrannizing ground," said the lady, coldly.

"Mamma!" exclaimed the distressed girl, distressed at this discovery of her interview with her lover, and frightened but that discovery should have also extended to her meeting with her father. Upon this latter point, however, the next words of Mrs. Alexander relieved her.

"Too, poor child, I know all about it; you went to the wood yesterday to meet Nathan Montrose."

"But, mamma—"

"Nay, poor girl, I do not blame you for the deceit, for I know you have been driven to it by the pest and the future, if ever you meet your lover again."

"Oh, mamma!" sobbed Alma, drawing near, and clasping at her mother's knees.

But Mrs. Alexander, with a shudder of repulsion, rolled her chair back, and said:

"Alma, resume your seat. Keep as far from me as you can, keep on to your own seat even only, while I speak to you."

Trembling Alma arose and receded to her chair, where she sat with pallid cheeks, clasped hands, and wistful eyes still fixed upon the stern, white face of this strange mother.

"Alma," said the lady, coldly, "I do not mean to defend the injustice I learned this morning from the old gardener, Denny,—who begged an interview with me for the purpose of making a communication which he deemed it his duty to make—that you had an interview with Captain Montrose in the woods behind the house last evening. At least, he met you before dinner, and a few minutes later met Captain Montrose going towards you. He inferred that there was an interview and an appointment. Alma, was the old man right?"

"Mamma!" said Alma, seeking to hide her fiery blushes with both hands. "I will not tell you a truth; but oh, mamma, hear my defence—"

"Not *now*, until I have done speaking. I dismissed the old man, with the promise of my fidelity, and with an injunction to silence, which I am sure that he will observe for your sake; for he assured, Alma, that such interviews seriously compromise the fair fame of a young girl."

"Mamma! Oh! let me explain—" again interrupted Alma, who seemed unable to find words for an instant the implied reproach to her mother's words.

"Not you; not yet, Alma; hear me out. After thinking over the old man's story, I came to the conclusion that the interview of yesterday might have been accidental—"

"It was, indeed, partly so, mamma."

"Accident is a slight or slight cause not heavy enough for an instalment the implied reproach to her mother's words.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH.

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "HUSBANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Whatever come below!
It is not home without thee. Loving hearts
Thou fill'st forever. Those glad rooms fill
Like music, or like odors of the rose.
Thy presence makes the sunshine and the warmth.
Epithalamium and regrets and memories
Of past joys. OLD PLAY.

Our readers have already seen how Major Dame Mayfield regretted the few hasty words which threw her out from the home. Bercerly were they uttered than she would have given worlds to recall them; and when day after day elapsed without her boy returning, regret became anguish—she could endure it no longer.

As for the farmer, to use his wife's expression, he was moping about the place like some turkey poult. He had lost all zest for labor; even his epistle, like his appetite filled him. He had received a most affectionate letter from his son, in which the writer respectfully announced his resolution of marrying Clara, as soon as his friend himself in a position to support her. He declined seeing his parents till then, and added that his mother was panicked in the feelings she had expressed, by his past conduct.

"With youth, and strength to work," he concluded, "I shall be business to be dependent."

"Ah, Tom, Tom!" ejaculated the old man, sorrowfully, as he folded the letter, "it is we who war dependant upon thee."

An emotion the dame sincerely indorsed.

"Work!" continued her husband, "the boy shot fit for work; but that we have made, and that —we never would let him put his hand to anything. But we suffer enough. He be right, Jane," he added, "I can say that for him."

"That he be," said Mrs. Mayfield, hopefully, "but don't 'ee take on so; my heart is, and enough, but times seems worse. I'll bring him home again."

"Is 'ee going to drive him from it," observed the farmer, with a sigh.

He did not intend it as a reproach, but the dame felt it as such, and her tears flowed fast and silently.

"I will then that I will," she sobbed at last. "Then set his father, but then can't tell what a mother's love can do."

Mrs. Mayfield had evidently taken one of those sensible resolutions which, when circumstances require, soul, eager to put it into execution, restrained by her years to considerate quietude. The queen, the only silk one she had ever possessed, was taken from the trunk in which it had lain for years, half smothered in lavender. It was her wedding-dress, and still very worn on high and solemn occasions.

Tom himself had worn it but twice.

"Well, missus," observed Pet, the dairy-maid she had brought with her from Bercerly, whom she saw her dressed in it, "I never thought it was your sort that in Kingston."

The faithful servant looked upon it as a sort of profanation.

"I dare say not," replied the good dame, quietly.

"And then beest a-going out?"

"Yes."

"But how about the butter?"

"Hang the butter!" exclaimed Mrs. Mayfield, severely.

It is more easy to conceive than describe the astonishment of Pet. During the eleven years she had lived with her mistress she had never heard such an expression before. To her unsophisticated mind the most serious duty in life was breakfasting. Conscience never troubled her, provided the churning turned out well. She had always her duty, and that was rest to the widower.

"Hang the butter!" she repeated to herself as the dame left the house. "I feel often heard Lammas were a child given, but never thought it so bad as that. Hang the butter!!! They'd never better it in Lowsleeves, that I swear to it. Hang the butter!!! well! well!!"

Very little passed to the house of Mrs. Pope that Hannah, the maid-of-all-work, was not herself acquainted with. The doors would not shut very readily, and the kitchen were certainly large; love affairs possessed an especial interest for her, and the poor, simple girl had a large heart. Clara's affair with Tom, and the opposition of his mother to their marriage, were no secrets to her. She even divined Herold's attachment to Rosa. Her own affections were vacillated for the last two years between the butcher and baker boy—a very unsatisfactory condition with the postman.

Hannah happened to be in one of her very worst humors when Mrs. Mayfield presented herself and inquired for Miss Clara.

"I don't think she will see you, mum," was the reply; "anyways I wouldn't if I were in her place," was the reply.

"But as you are not in her place," answered the dame, "perhaps you will mention my name."

Certainly, mum."

Poor Clara was terribly agitated when informed that the mother of Tom was waiting in the fire-dressing-room to speak with her.

"Show her in there," said Hannah. "Cooks batter, Miss. First floor's cold."

"I would rather see Mrs. Mayfield in my own little room," observed the dressmaker.

"What! in the attic?" exclaimed the maid-of-all-work. "Lawks, you'd never harness peasants to toast!"

Clara not only persevered in her resolution, but refused to put on her best frock, or accept the loan of Mrs. Pope's smart cap, much to the maid-of-all-work knee where to lay her hands on.

"The missus," she urged, "would never know on it."

Clara was right. The attic, with it's little trundle bed, low sloping ceiling, and scanty but plain dress and simply braided hair, produced a far more favorable effect upon her visitor than the dressing-room, best dress, and becoming shawl would have done.

Mrs. Mayfield regarded her for an instant and mentally decided that she was pretty. Tom had that opinion. She even began to think she was fond of naked legs and shoulders.

"I suppose, young lady, you know who I am?"

"Mr. Mayfield's mother," answered Clara Clavel, respectfully. "You are mistaken, in addressing me as young lady. I am only a poor simple girl, who fears she has unwillingly incurred your displeasure."

"Ah! Tom has described me to you, then?" ejaculated the dame.

"A hundred times," replied the orphan, in a voice tremulous with emotion. "Your devoted affection for him has won more love and reverence for you; painted all your excellent qualities to me, and taught me such hope that I, too, might obtain a place in your regard, by patience, obedience, and respect. I was happy," she added, bursting into tears, "very happy then."

"To think him true an woo not the right way to win it."

The observation was not harshly made, but Clara felt it, and her pride took the alarm.

"Fondly as I prize the heart of your son," she answered, "I never acted to steal it. My own was his before I knew he loss. I am poor —so poor that privation has become a second nature to me. He saw it, and respected me; rescued me from the hands of one who would have outraged me. Do you wonder that I love him?"

This was an appeal to the right source—Mrs. Mayfield could not wonder at any one loving so darling Tom.

"No, I don't," she exclaimed, throwing her arms round the astonished girl, and kissing her; "and since I have seen you I don't wonder at his loving you. But you must give him back to me. Only for a little while," she added, smiling through her tears. "He has been absent now four days—four mighty days for him since I said he is not home without him."

"You are jesting with me, too," sobbed Clara, greatly excited. "No! you are too kind for that; you will permit me to call you mother—to love you."

"Provided you make my son a good wife," replied Mrs. Mayfield, affectionately.

The heart of the pure and innocent girl bounded at the words; the sense of happiness and gratitude became almost overpowering.

"A good wife!" she murmured; "what else can I make him?"

It was the cry of nature; the protestation of a young and innocent heart, strong in the devotion of true love. No reply could have been so convincing as this.

"But his father?" added the still trembling girl.

The good dame could scarcely restrain a smile at the idea of her husband's opposing anything she and her son desired.

"Will spoil you, Clara, if it be possible to spoil you," she answered, "by indulgence. He shake truly," she added, "only an hour or two since. We are more dependent upon Tom than Tom can ever be upon us. Will send and bring him here."

A footstep, light and impatient, as youth's first hope, was heard upon the staircase. Mrs. Mayfield looked at Clara. She was pale enough now.

"You must give him back to me," she whispered; "make him forgive me."

"Mother! my own dear, beloved mother!" exclaimed Tom, as he rushed into the room and threw his arms around the unresisting form of her on whom he had never before ventured to offer such familiarities on a public occasion.

"Tom, Tom!" said Mrs. Mayfield, reproachfully, "but 'ee take on so; my heart is and enough, but times seems worse. I'll bring him home again."

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"

THE HARPS

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Harp of the Winds!
Gone is the summer's jubilant breeze,
That gave thy chords such joyous tone,
And now a mournful strain sweeps
From thee alone, alone!
The solemn Autumn, with his eyes
Bereft of tears, has brought his gales,
And we, where gladness danced in rapture,
Hear only wails.

Harp of the Heart!
Gone is the summer time of life;
Emptied that golden fountain where
Of sunshine, when the children played
Impearled the soul!
Taint? There?—Yes, let them freely flow!
What else when fate from Heaven's sure?
Ah, Life's bright summer ever goes!
Ah, Autumn of the Heart!

September, 1861.

"BRAVE EXPLOIT OF A SCOUT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The following is the story of Nathan Bigby, who rendered some very important service during the capacity of a scout, to the army of the Northwest, under General Harrison, during the war of 1812.

"One day, while at Franklinton, the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, General Harrison sent for me, and said he wanted me to set out immediately, with some dispatches for General Winchester, then stationed at Fort Defiance, on the Maumee river.

"I need not tell you," he said, 'that the route is long and perilous, and will require great caution on your part, to escape the watchful eyes of Indians which infest the whole country.'

"'No, General,' I replied, 'I am not ignorant of the danger of the undertaking, but, with my usual prudence and experience will enable me to get through in safety.'

"'I hope so, Bigby—I hope so—for besides the fact that there are other men I could better spare than you, the dispatches which I intend you are of great importance, and cannot be delivered a moment too soon, consequently all the speed you can consistent with prudence. How many men do you want?'

"'I said I would take but four, if he would allow me to name them, which he did, and in less than an hour we were all on our way.

"It was late in December when we set out, the weather was very cold, there was some snow on the ground, and most of the streams were frozen, which was so far in our favor that we could cross on the ice instead of being obliged to ford or swim.

"Nothing worth mentioning occurred till we reached the head waters of the Scioto, when, as we were picking our way through a wild, rocky valley, we were suddenly fired upon by a small party of Indians, who had caught sight of us from the higher shore, and had concealed themselves behind the angle of a ledge till we had come up within full range. One of my men fell pardon, who was a step or two in advance of me, was shot dead, and I took aim at an Indian, throwing up his hands and uttering a sort of gurgling groan; but not one of the rest of the foe was touched, though the balls whistled close, one passing through my hat.

"As this was our first intimation of being in the vicinity of Indians, not a solitary one of them having been discovered on our route previously, we were taken so completely by surprise as for a moment to be paralyzed. The next moment, however, I was prepared to act. Believing the assailants to be few in numbers, and that, if we sprung forward boldly, we could rout them, and probably kill half, I shouted to my companions to follow me, and went bounding up the hill, uttering yell on yell.

"My plan succeeded. The Indians, six in number, did not wait for us to come up to them, but suddenly left their hiding-place with unswerving yells, and took to flight from tree to tree to avoid our fire. But they had old, experienced marksmen to oppose, and first one fell, and then another, crushed upon the frosty air, and three fell—the others, as the cowards they are were, making good their escape. Of those shot, one was dead when we reached them—but we remembered our poor comrade back in the hollow, and our duty to return to the work. Having killed and scalped them, taken their weapons and blankets, we went back and buried our friend as well as we could, and then resumed our march with increased caution.

"Night soon coming on, we selected a handkerchief for our camp; and fearing to strike a fire, not knowing how near we might be to our foes, we all lay down side by side, wrapped in our own blankets and those we had taken from the savages and our comrade, which rendered us very comfortable. I, as chief, was on one corner on our march hitherto, to build a fire at night, and one of our number to keep on the watch—but as on the present occasion we had dispensed with the fire, and supposed ourselves to be where we could not be closely approached without noise, we thought it well to dispense with the sentry also. We all slept somewhat than usual, notwithstanding the exciting scene through which we had so recently passed; and when I thought awoke, finding myself refreshed, I was surprised to find it still dark. In attempting to stretch up without rising, I was still more surprised to find them in contact with a bank of snow. I pushed up through it, and found it already light. I then discovered that snow had fallen to the depth of several inches while we had been asleep, and had completely buried us where we lay, though our breath and the blankets had so lightened it that a comparer was solid body, that we had been able to get sufficient air for respiration.

"I immediately got up and roused my companions, and we made our morning's meal from our knapsacks before quitting the thicket. On leaving this, which we found on falling into within twenty rods of our camp, where the savages had passed, it being in pursuit of us not more than two hours previously, as we could judge by the amount of snow which had fallen since and partially obliterated the tracks. Had a fire been kindled on coming to this, we probably have fallen victims to a surprise of superior numbers, and we were thankful for our providential escape.

"How many Indians had passed us we could not tell, as they had gone forward in single file, and were thus formed in no definite ground against the wily foe. As the trail led in the direct course to be taken, we resolved to follow it with a sharp look-out against being brought into an ambuscade.

"We toiled on through the snow till somewhere about noon, when we found the trail leading into a thick, dark swamp. This we resolved not to enter, but to keep away to the northward and go round it. Some time after this we went over a steep hill, and down into a narrow valley, through which flowed a small stream. This stream we frozen over, and we crossed on the ice, going down along the other bank, till we came to a point where the running water offered a fine opportunity for quenching our thirst. This we were in the act of doing, when we were again fired on by a dozen or fifteen savages, who, with loud yells, came running down the hill behind us. By this fire two of my companions were so badly wounded as to be unable to run their arms; but the third one and myself, seeing we could do nothing against so many, at once bounded across the stream, on the other shore, leaving the other poor fellows to their fate.

"A gun of a savage now stopped to butcher and plunder our friends, and the rest kept on after us, yelling furiously. We returned our fire, and now determined only to use it in the

hold our own up the hill, and for half a mile to the other side by which time we found we had pistol-balls, tomahawks, and scalping-knife—forward, saving myself, and my only hope was to keep our feet, till we should be tempting to leap a log. I struck both feet against the stump of a decayed head-foremost into the snow. At this our pursuers gave their yells of triumph; and I, in my consternation, swung the tomahawk I had won out, as once stepped, turned, and struck at the nearest one dropping him with a blow. Then snatching my rifle from my hands, while I was in the act of rising, I fired at a warrior just at his smoker, who, seeing his intention, dodged behind a tree, and escaped the ball by a hair's breadth. The others, who were strung along, at short distances behind, now came up, and all fired at me, as if with the design of surrounding us, and each bounding from tree to tree, evidently thought of even the slightest exposure to so deadly a foe as myself.

"By the time my companion had reprimed my rifle, I was ready for another race, and we again started forward, having now only one weapon between us. But I was not to be taken so easily, for my foes, seeing that I should have escaped; but the three remaining were not to be thus baffled, I think I should have escaped; but the three remaining were not to be thus baffled, and, determined to capture or destroy me, they at once started forward, having now only one weapon between us. But I was not to be taken so easily, for my foes, seeing that